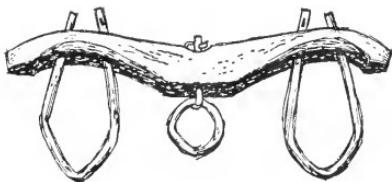


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The Lincoln Fellowship.

Proceedings of the First Annual
Meeting and Dinner, New York,
Feb. 12, 1908.

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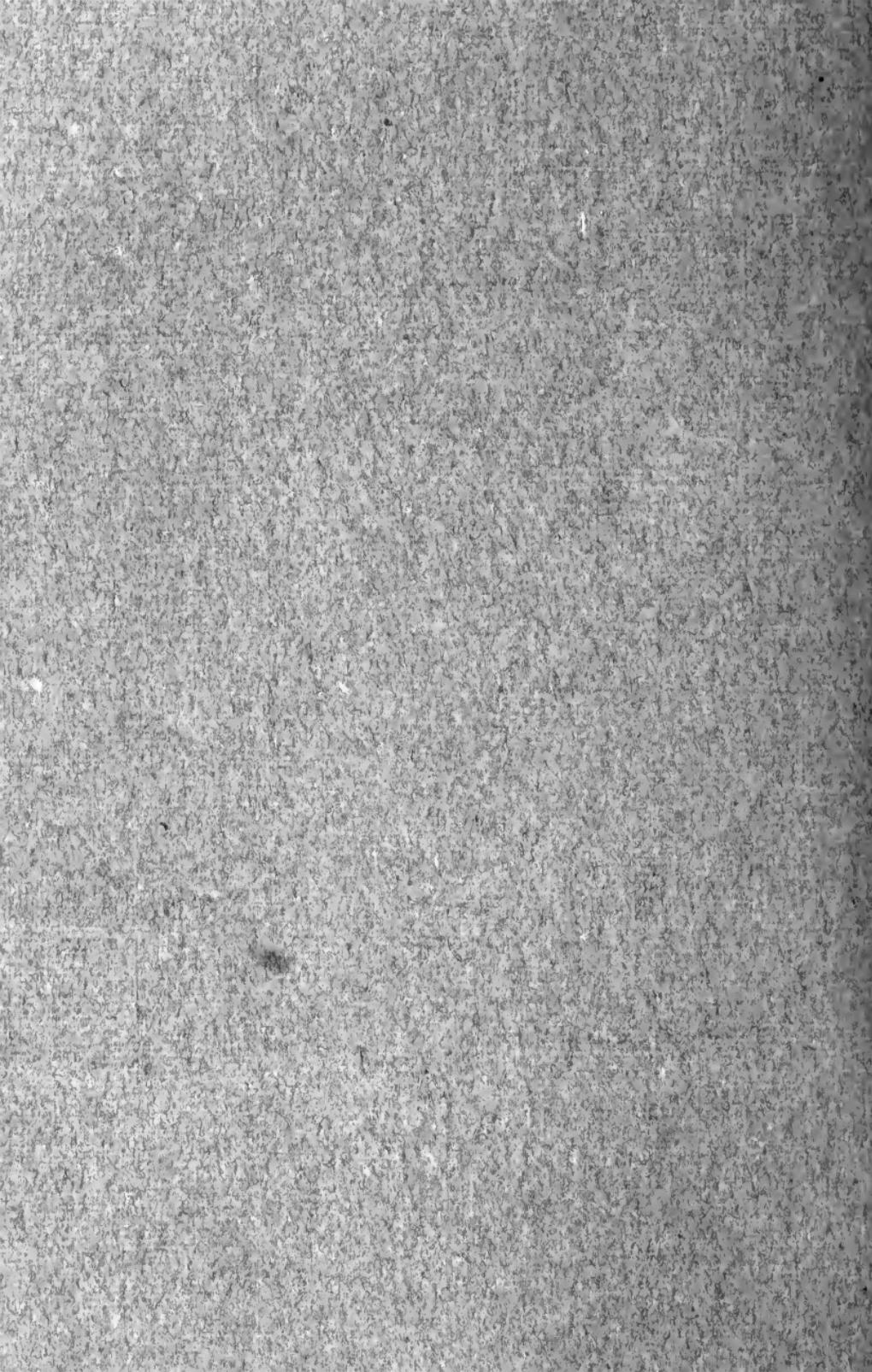




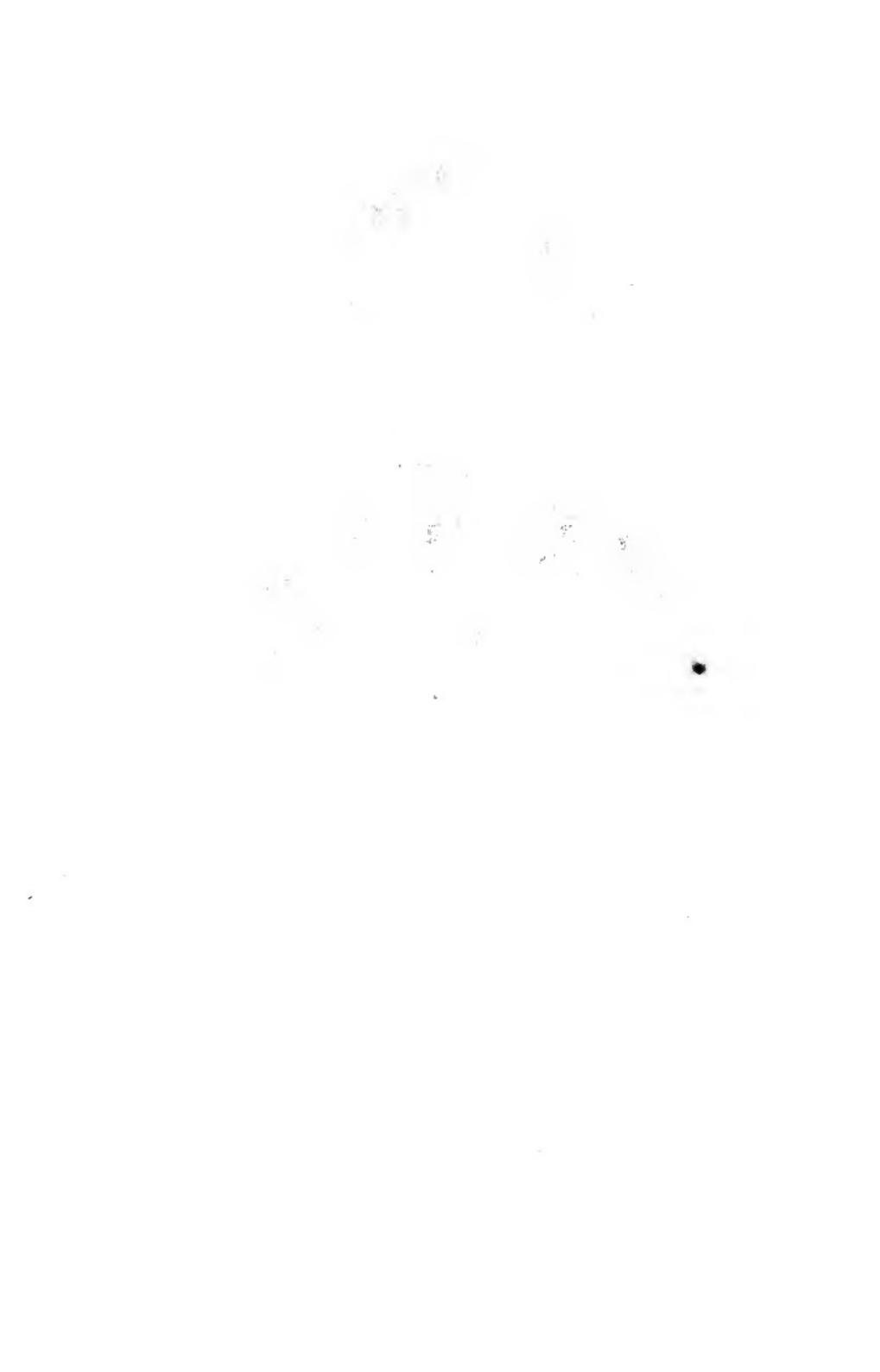
THE LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP



NEW YORK
FEBRUARY 12, 1908









A. Lincoln

**Proceedings at the First Annual
Meeting and Dinner of the
Lincoln Fellowship, held at
Delmonico's, New York City,
Wednesday, February 12th, 1908.**

**New York
The Lincoln Fellowship**

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Annual Meeting, 1908

THE MEETING was held at Delmonico's, Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, New York City, at 6.30 P. M. The following members were present: Major William H. Lambert, *President*; General James Grant Wilson, Charles W. McLellan, Judd Stewart, Joseph B. Oakleaf, *Vice-Presidents*; Francis D. Tandy, *Secretary*; Judd Stewart, *Treasurer*; Horace White, Hugh McLellan, Malcolm N. McLellan, Frederick H. Meserve, Daniel H. Newhall, Harry Douglas Robins, and Telamon Cuyler.

The following guests were also present: Count A. T. Spiridovitch, Hon. Samuel R. Thayer, Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, George T. Lambert, John C. McCall, C. K. Lipman and O. B. Perry.

After dinner THE PRESIDENT called the meeting to order.

SPEECH OF THE PRESIDENT.

Now, Gentlemen, as the time has arrived when it is customary to indulge in some remarks, as your presiding officer I begin that part of the evening's entertainment and, as this is the first meeting of THE LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP that I have attended, I thank you for the great honor you have done me in electing me your President. I assure you I highly appreciate the honor coming from men who are associated in the worthy

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cause of cherishing the memory and preserving and enhancing the literature that records the services of Abraham Lincoln. Looking over the list of the members of THE LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP, I realize the fact that we have enrolled a large proportion of those now living who have done most by speeches and letters, by contributions to magazines and by pamphlets and books to pay tribute to Abraham Lincoln's work and worth. Many of our members have made notable contributions to his history. I suppose that many of us had been under the impression that all that could be said about Lincoln had been said, and that all the information concerning him had been published long ago. With the research that had been going on for so many years, it seemed as though there could be nothing left unpublished, and yet now and then some new work appears which makes a distinct contribution to the knowledge of our hero. Or if the contribution is not always of new facts, it is in such restatement of old facts as to make a valuable addition to Lincoln literature.

A notable contribution both to the history and appraisement of Lincoln is that contained in the recently published *Reminiscences of Carl Schurz*. Schurz's account of his first interviews with Lincoln is extremely interesting, and affords as well an admirable description of the spirit that animated the Republican Party in its youth, and inspired the Volunteers of 1861. Schurz's narra-

tive characterization of Lincoln, supplementing his remarkable essay in review of the *Nicolay & Hay History* constitutes, in my judgment, a tribute to Lincoln that has not been surpassed.

The book, *Lincoln the Master of Men*, while recording no new facts, so restates old ones as to justify the claim that Lincoln was indeed master of men and dominated all about him.

The articles by David Homer Bates in the Century Magazine, *Lincoln in the Telegraph Office*, have added to our knowledge by recording many interesting incidents not generally known.

In the article in Harper's Monthly, purporting to be by one of the doorkeepers at the White House, it is stated that if the guard who had been assigned to duty with the President on the night of April 14, 1865, had been faithful to his trust, Lincoln would probably have escaped assassination. When I saw this statement I thought it was the first printed reference to this fact, but later looking over the book *Behind the Scenes* I found, that on the day following the assassination Mrs. Lincoln accused the guard of his responsibility for the great calamity, but his name is not mentioned, so I think that Crook's article is the first to give the name of the derelict.

One of our members here present, with an unselfishness which we all appreciate, has put into print in most beautiful facsimile a hitherto unpublished letter of Lincoln's, both pleasant and interesting. I commend the generous action of

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Mr. Judd Stewart in sharing with us the letter to General Fogg. (*Applause.*)

Another contribution by one of our members is in the shape of an analysis of the Gettysburg Address. Besides the booklet of Mr. Oakleaf, four other books or papers have recently been inspired by this Address, that of Chaplain Burrage being the most considerable, that of Mr. Carr being particularly notable because he was present at the dedication of the Gettysburg Cemetery as a Commissioner from Illinois. Despite all that has been said on the subject, credence is still given to the statement that Lincoln wrote his Address whilst on the train, en route to the battlefield. Mrs. Andrews' beautiful little story, *The Perfect Tribute*, unfortunately helps to perpetuate the error and also adds another of her own. A paper by your speaker, written but not yet published, strives to combat some of the errors regarding the Address and its delivery.

Undoubtedly the centenary of Lincoln's birth will add many books to his literature. But beyond all other books in value, is the publication of *Lincoln's Works* in enlarged and better form; for completeness the edition lately issued by the company of which our Secretary is head is especially notable and a matter of congratulation for ourselves.

The number of those who knew Lincoln personally is rapidly diminishing, and it is by the collec-

tion and compilation of his writings that the historian of the future will be most helped.

We have letters from members unable to be present this evening, some of which I will now read.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK TREVOR HILL.

56 WALL St., Jan. 22, 1908.

My dear General:—I have your kind note of the 21st and greatly regret that a previous engagement of long standing, to speak at the Lincoln Club at Brooklyn on February 12 will prevent my addressing the LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP on that evening. I am truly sorry for this, as I would very much like to meet you and renew my acquaintance with your good President and others whose interest in Lincoln is of a character best calculated to honor his memory.

With renewed regrets, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

FREDERICK TREVOR HILL.

GENERAL JAS. GRANT WILSON.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK W. SEWARD.

MONTROSE, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1908.

My dear General:—Much as it would gratify me to accept your kind invitation for Wednesday evening, I find I must deny myself that pleasure. By the advice of Mrs. Seward's physician, I have cancelled all engagements for this week that would require my absence from home.

But though I shall be unable to join you at the table, may I offer you a toast for the occasion?

“LINCOLN.—In life, the Union’s chief defender,

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—in death, a link in the chain that holds it together.”

Your Russian friend is quite right about the fleets in 1863. There were two—one sent to New York and Washington, the other to San Francisco. Both were meant, and were accepted at every European court as meaning, an *entente cordiale* between Russia and the United States.

Very sincerely yours,

FREDERICK W. SEWARD.

GENERAL JAS. GRANT WILSON.

LETTER FROM JESSE W. WEIK.

GREENCASTLE, IND., Feb. 8, 1908.

My dear Sir:—Yours of the 30 ult., inviting me to speak at the dinner at Delmonico's on the 12th, before the LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP, has been received. For a while after the receipt of your letter I indulged the hope that I might be able to attend, but a prolonged attack of laryngitis, aggravated by a recent spell of severe weather, has emboldened my physician to-day to forbid the journey. Pray convey to the members of the FELLOWSHIP gathered at the dinner my sincere thanks for this signal expression of their appreciation and esteem. I trust the day is not far distant when I shall be able to meet with you and thus join in perpetuating the memory of him who is justly the “New birth of our new soil—the first American.”

Very sincerely,

JESSE W. WEIK.

GENERAL JAS. GRANT WILSON.

LETTER FROM COL. ALEXANDER K. MCCLURE.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 31, 1908.

My dear Friends:—I would be very glad to say something about Lincoln at the anniversary dinner of the LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP, but when you get four score years, you will avoid all dinners that can be avoided with any sort of propriety, and I sincerely regret that I cannot be with you at the dinner on the twelfth of February. Believe me,

Yours truly,

A. K. MCCLURE.

GENERAL JAS. GRANT WILSON.

Col. McClure had exceptional facilities for knowing Mr. Lincoln, chairman of the State Committee in 1860, when it was generally asserted that as Pennsylvania goes, so goes the Union, Col. McClure did very much to make sure that Pennsylvania should go right. Because of his knowledge of the politics of Pennsylvania he was frequently called to explain to the President the political situation. Besides his knowledge of Mr. Lincoln the Colonel has the ability to tell what he knows, and has done so in addresses, books and papers.

I have a message from our friend and valued associate, Judge Daniel Fish of Minnesota, who has done much to establish the lines of Lincoln literature, and whose bibliographical work is of the highest importance.

At the suggestion of General Wilson, I have brought with me one of my special treasures to show to those who have not already seen it, the

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Abraham Lincoln, His Book, known through the excellent facsimile published by McClure, Phillips & Co. This book was made by Lincoln for Mr. Brown, a candidate in 1858 for the legislature, who desired to be informed concerning Lincoln's views on the subject of Negro equality. Mr. Brown having been confronted with the accusation that Lincoln favored Negro equality, asked for an expression of his opinion on the subject. Mr. Lincoln replied that he could not make his views any plainer than he had done in the printed extracts from his speeches as inserted in this book, to which he calls attention in an appended letter.

I have also with me a letter to John E. Rosette, which I read to-day to the National Council of Mothers in Philadelphia and which is as follows:

PRIVATE.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 20, 1857.

JOHN E. ROSETTE, Esq.

Dear Sir:—Your note about the little paragraph in the *Republican*, was received yesterday; since when, till now, I have been too unwell to answer it — I had not supposed you wrote, or approved it — The whole originated in mistake — You know, by the conversation with me, that I thought the establishment of the paper, unfortunate but I always expected to throw no obstacle in its way, and to patronize it to the extent of taking and paying for one copy — When the paper was first brought to my house, my wife said to me: "Now are you going to take another worthless little paper?" I said to her evasively, I had

not directed the paper to be left — From this, in my absence, she sent the message to the carrier — This is the whole story. Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

It is interesting to those of us who as collectors understand the feeling to know that even Lincoln had to speak evasively when he took things into his house. (*Laughter.*)

We are fortunate in having with us a gentleman who represents the great Russian Empire. Russia's manifestation of friendship during the War of the Rebellion did much to avert the dangers of foreign intervention which then threatened our government, and that practical demonstration of friendship will ever be held in grateful memory. I have great pleasure in introducing MAJOR-GENERAL TCHEREP SPIRIDOVITCH of the Russian Army and President of the Slavic Society in Moscow. (*Applause.*)

SPEECH OF COUNT SPIRIDOVITCH.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: The story of Lincoln's career would not be complete if I did not mention a memorable incident of the American Civil War, which connects your country and mine.

Half a century ago at a moment, when absolutism in Russia was at its height and the sufferings of Slavs in Turkey reached their culmination, there was formed in Moscow, in the heart of Rus-

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sia, a powerful political society with the object of reintroducing the Duma, abolished by Peter the Great, and to liberate all slaves, especially those Christians under the terrible Turkish sword.

The world is indebted to this Society, that the Emperor Alexander II, called the Liberator, by one stroke of his pen abolished the slavery of twenty-two millions of peasants in Russia and thoroughly reformed all branches of administration.

To the same society the United States are perhaps indebted for their very existence, because when the Civil War broke out, Lincoln's work was menaced by the attack of England in conjunction with France. These two strong countries, presuming that the failure of the Northern States—meant to the United States ruin—seized the opportunity to attempt by force, the return of the Northern States to their former status of a British Colony and to give back to France Louisiana and possibly some other of the Southern States. Even all Texas was offered to France in 1864 for recognition of the Confederacy.

The danger was indeed great and even the genius of Lincoln and the heroic patriotism of the Union could not have withstood such a combination.

But Lincoln, as Liberator, had already the admiration of the Society and the Society had the ear of the generous Emperor Alexander II, who immediately ordered his Atlantic fleet to sail into New York harbor and his Pacific squadron to

enter San Francisco, informing England and France that their interference against Lincoln would mean a declaration of war against Russia.

England and France heeded the timely warning. None can doubt that their attack would have given the final victory to the Confederates, who fought, we must say, more than brilliantly.

The Society, which had rendered this service to Lincoln—and which worked and works now to liberate all Christian slaves—is the Slavic Society of Moscow, and I am its President. From the Civil War until to-day, the Society liberated Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, Roumelia and Macedonia. But after six months of freedom, Macedonia was cruelly and inhumanely handed back to Turkey by the Berlin Congress and since then rivers of blood have deluged this richest but most unfortunate province in Europe.

Here among the friends of freedom, righteousness and justice, I confess, that the Society plans to save Macedonia's Christian population from extermination and our prospects are brightening and grow more favorable every day. Let me hope, that when the Society takes its next decisive step to clinch its iron ring, if this country will not send her fleet to Constantinople—she will at least bring all her moral support in memory of Lincoln, whose memory, I assure you, still lives in our country to-day. Indeed, if I accepted the third term as President of the Slavic Society, it was remembering always the example of Lincoln's courageous championship of the cause of human

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freedom! Amidst all the difficulties and dangers which surround me in my work, the end of Lincoln is no shadow to frighten me. The service of the Society to Lincoln has been paid; for the spirit of this giant animates me and my followers to pursue, for ever, our cause!

In conclusion, Mr. President, may I be permitted to express the assurance, that the same very friendly relations, that have always existed between Russia and the United States—may continue in the future as in the past, and to ask all present to rise and drink to the memory of our two Immortal Liberators, Alexander the Second of the Old World, and Abraham Lincoln of the New. (*After great applause, all rose and drank to the memory of the two illustrious Emancipators.*)

THE PRESIDENT: We are glad to have had the pleasure of hearing from a prominent citizen of Russia, that great nation which did so much for America during its hour of need. We have with us this evening another gentleman whom we shall be delighted to hear. I refer to the HON. SAMUEL R. THAYER, late United States Minister to the Netherlands, whom I have now the honor to present.

SPEECH OF MR. THAYER.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: I have not arisen for the purpose of making a speech, because it is only since I took my seat at the table

that in deference to the wishes of your President and General Wilson, I have decided to relate an incident in my own experience, confirmatory of the interesting statement of facts already presented by our friend from Russia, concerning the relations of Russia and the United States during the period of the Civil War. It happened in 1891-92 that I visited Russia in response to an invitation of Charles Emory Smith, Minister to Russia at that time, who was a member of the college and a graduate of the same college as myself, although we were one year apart. While on that visit I was presented to several Russian officials of high note, among them the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs. One day, while at the Foreign Office, Mr. Smith called my attention to the correspondence which took place between the French Emperor, Napoleon III, and Alexander II, concerning the question of joint intervention of some of the Powers in our internal affairs. That correspondence consisted of two letters only; one of them by Louis Napoleon to Alexander II and the response was from that sovereign to the Emperor of the French Empire. The correspondence was in French and I made no copy of it at the time, and cannot remember anything but its substance. The French Emperor wrote that the time had arrived when in the judgment of England and France, it was the duty of the powers to put an end to the Civil War then raging in the United States. They desired the co-operation of Russia in the movement, but if

Russia felt unwilling to co-operate with them, then they desired a pledge that Russia would remain neutral in the matter. The answer was in few words to this effect, as I recall the substance of the letter: Russia had observed with very great interest and had studied the conditions in the United States, and had arrived at the conclusion that the war there prevailing was instituted by people in the United States who desired to secure the independence of a portion of that country; that it was an unjustifiable rebellion against the national authority and that the Government of the United States had the full sympathy of Russia in its efforts to put down the rebellion. Not only would Russia refuse to join in the movement to establish the independence of the Southern States, but she would not remain neutral; and in case the movement was started would take such a position in the controversy as reason and justice might seem to require. You are all aware of the subsequent action of Russia.

General Wilson asked me, in view of the absence of Mr. Seward, if I could recall a few of the words of his father uttered by him on his return to Auburn after his recovery from the assault made upon him in Washington. This was an address he delivered to his friends and neighbors, as near as I can recall it. His words were a summing up of Mr. Lincoln's character. Mr. Seward said we have lost the great and good Lincoln; that he had reached that stage of moral greatness when his name only, was worth more to

his country than the services of any other man; that he was one of the two American giants who led the entire human race in its spiritual progress toward higher liberty and civilization. (*Applause.*)

THE PRESIDENT: Some of our members knew Mr. Lincoln intimately, and I call upon one of them, MR. HORACE WHITE, to tell us about him. Mr. White was Chairman of the State Committee of Illinois, which did so much to secure Mr. Lincoln's election. (*Applause.*)

SPEECH OF MR. WHITE.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—Abraham Lincoln has been in his grave more than forty-two years. When he was stricken down by an assassin's hand it was said by many of his contemporaries and perhaps believed by most of them that he had passed away at the culminating point of his fame.

The world's history contains nothing more dramatic than the scene in Ford's theatre. The civil war, the emancipation of a race, the salvation of our beloved Union, combined to throw the strongest light upon "the deep damnation of his taking off." In spite of these blazing accessories, we should have expected, before the end of forty-two years, that a considerable amount of dust would have settled upon his tomb. This is a busy world. Each generation has its own problems to grapple with, its own joys and sorrows,

its own cares and griefs, to absorb its thoughts and compel its tears. Time moves on, and while the history of the past increases in volume, each particular thing in it dwindles in size, and so also do most men. But some men bulk larger as the years recede.

The most striking fact of our time, of a psychological kind, is the growth of Lincoln's fame since the earth closed over his remains. The word Lincolniana has been added to our dictionary. This means that a kind of literature under that name, extensive enough to be separately classified, catalogued, advertised, marketed and collected into distinct libraries has grown up. There is a Lincolnian cult among us as well as a Shakesperean cult, and it is gaining votaries from year to year. The first list of Lincoln literature was published by William V. Spencer, in Boston, in 1865. It included 231 titles of books and pamphlets published after Lincoln's death, all of which were in the compiler's possession. This was followed in 1866 by John Russell Bartlett's *Literature of the Rebellion* including in a separate list 300 titles of "Eulogies, Sermons, Orations, and Poems," all published after Lincoln's death.

In 1870 Andrew Boyd, a directory publisher of Albany, N. Y., published his *Memorial Lincoln Bibliography*, an octavo volume of 175 pages, in which he gave the title and description of the books, pamphlets, and relics then in his own collection. The introduction of this bibliography

was written by Charles Henry Hart, still living at Philadelphia. This collection was sold to Major William H. Lambert of Philadelphia, whose collection of Lincolniana is now one of the most important in the country and especially in autograph letters. Major Lambert was a soldier in the civil war and is the author of a most interesting address on the life and character of Lincoln, delivered before his fellow soldiers of the G. A. R. His collection embraces about 1,200 bound volumes, including separately bound pamphlets, about 100 autograph letters and documents of Lincoln, 50 broadsides and many miscellaneous pieces.

A Lincoln bibliography was compiled by Mr. Daniel Fish of Minneapolis and published in the year 1900. It was revised, enlarged and republished in 1906, containing 1106 separate titles. It does not include periodical literature, or political writings of the period in which Lincoln lived unless they owe their origin to him as an individual. Judge Fish has in his own collection of Lincolniana 295 bound volumes, 559 pamphlets and 100 portraits.

Mr. Judd Stewart, of Plainfield, N. J., has a very notable collection of Lincolniana, embracing 380 bound volumes, about 1,200 bound pamphlets, several unpublished letters, between 700 and 800 engravings, lithographs and paintings, and many songs and pieces of sheet music. All of these items have been passed upon by Judge Fish as

purely Lincolniana. Mr. Stewart has more than 100 titles which are not included in Fish's bibliography.

A very remarkable collection is that of John E. Burton of Milwaukee, Wis., consisting of 2,360 bound volumes and pamphlets, the collection of which, Mr. Burton says, "has been the restful and happy labor of twenty-eight years." Mr. Burton is a tireless devotee of the Lincoln cult. His enthusiasm has often brought him into financial trouble and once bankrupted him completely, so that he was compelled to see his beloved library sent under the auctioneer's hammer. But he had a stout heart and a definite object in life, which was to collect and read Lincolniana. So he began anew with the result as given above and is still collecting, with his youthful ardor unabated. Among other things he has the original Proclamation of Emancipation signed by Lincoln and Seward and attested by John G. Nicolay and John Hay.

Mr. Charles W. McLellan of Champlain, N. Y., has 1,921 bound volumes, 1,348 pamphlets, 8 manuscripts, 138 autographs of Lincoln, 1,100 engravings and 579 songs and miscellaneous pieces, in all more than 5,000 items.

I have seen a list of 487 collectors of Lincolniana, for the most part unknown to each other who are now living, that is, persons who have such collections and who are constantly adding to them. I have corresponded with them. Mr.

Edward M. Bowman of Alton, Ill., has 247 titles of bound and unbound books and pamphlets; Mr. John S. Little of Rushville, Ill., has 257, and so on.

The existence of a demand for Lincolniana creates a supply. There are dealers in it, some of whom buy and sell that literature exclusively, while others make it a large part of their trade. In the former class is Mr. Daniel H. Newhall of New York. I have a recent catalogue issued by the latter containing 496 titles, with the price of each annexed. Mr. Newhall informs me that he has 2,874 titles in his card list of books and pamphlets, *i. e.*, that he knows of the existence of that number, not counting periodical literature or broadsides. His list is still incomplete, and he believes that it will reach 3,000 when finished. Mr. D. S. Passavant of Xelianpole, near Pittsburgh, Pa., deals in Lincolniana in foreign languages. Lives of Lincoln have been published in the French, German, Dutch, Swedish, Italian, Russian, Japanese, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, Welsh and Hawaiian tongues. There is a dealer in Lincolniana relics, at No. 46 West 28th street, New York City. Mr. Oldroyd's great collection of such relics, now placed in the house where Lincoln died in Washington City, is too well known to need special description.

So we see that Mr. Lincoln's death did not take place at the culmination of his fame, but that it has been rising and widening ever since and

shows no signs of abatement. Of no other American of our times can this be said. Can it be said of any other man of the same period in any part of the world? I cannot find in any country a special department of literature collecting around the name of any statesman of the nineteenth century like that which celebrates the name of our martyr President. This mass of literature is produced and collected and cherished because the hearts of men and women go out to Lincoln. It is not mere admiration for his mental and moral qualities, but an unconscious response to the magnetic influence of his humanity, his unselfish and world-embracing charity. And thus though dead he yet speaketh to men, women, and children who never saw him, and so, I think, he will continue to speak to generations yet unborn, "world without end, amen." (*Applause.*)

THE PRESIDENT:—Among our membership is one of the diligent collectors named by Mr. White, MR. CHARLES W. McLELLAN, whose enthusiasm is notable because he was not on Lincoln's side, but he believes with us that Lincoln was the greatest man of the century.

SPEECH OF MR. McLELLAN.

Gentlemen:—Our esteemed President, in mentioning the many notable contributions recently made to the literature of Abraham Lincoln calls to my mind the excellent study of Lincoln made by Judge Isaac N. Phillips of Illinois, in which

he expressed the fear that those who knew Mr. Lincoln personally tell their experiences often in a spirit of glorifying themselves, rather than with a desire to add to the greatness and singular sweetness of his fame. I thus hesitate to say how well I knew Mr. Lincoln. It was my fortune to live in Springfield from 1856 to 1860; years in which the mind of the great President was being prepared for the solemn work he was later called to accomplish, and for which he was chosen and anointed as surely, as divinely, as was David when Samuel went down to Bethlehem and demanded of Jesse, "Are here all thy children?"

Although seeing Mr. Lincoln daily on the street, with his simple manners and homely dress; meeting him socially and in his home, I failed to realize the man; for, as the Greatest of Heaven and Earth has said, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," and for a time, after his greatness was known and acknowledged, I wondered whether all this adoration would not be qualified, if people could have met and known him in the familiar manner in which I had. But finally the grandeur of his character has dawned upon me and in him more and more do I recognize the truth that the great things are the simple, the unostentatious ones; that the divine manifestations in nature are not the storm and the whirlwind, but are rather the "still small voice," the tender expressions of love and beauty, as shown in the violet and the quiet growth of tree

and flower; that greatness in man is not arrogance, much speaking in lofty tones, and the wearing of purple and ermine; but is rather in the simple, honest purpose, in the desire to do right. And so do we now rise to an appreciation of the singular greatness of Abraham Lincoln, "the gentlest memory of our world."

I remember passing Mr. Lincoln on Sixth street one morning in the Spring of 1860, a few weeks before his nomination. I had ridden out with a young lady, to breakfast at General Cook's (then Captain of the Springfield Zouave Grays, of which I was a member) near the Fair Grounds; and, on our return, after leaving my companion at her home near the Lincoln residence, was, according to the custom of the time, leading her horse back to the stable while riding my own, I can see Mr. Lincoln now striding to his office, with one of the boys desperately trying to keep up with his father, clinging to the fringe of the gray Bay State shawl worn at that time in place of an over-coat. Just as I got opposite them the led-horse threw up his head, pulled back, and my own saddle turning, off I came landing on my feet between the horses, held up by the reins in either hand. Mr. Lincoln took in the situation at once and smilingly cried out, "McLellan, you will always find it the most difficult thing you ever attempted, to ride two horses at once!"

We build better, or worse, than we know. Little realizing the importance of the events preparing

around me, I determined to accept a better business opportunity which was offered me at Mobile, in September of 1860, and called upon Mr. Lincoln to say good-bye. He was then the nominee for the Presidency, and received his friends in a room of the State House. His reply to my announcement that I was going to Mobile was, "I am sorry to hear it, for I would much rather have two Southern men come North, than have one Northern man go South."

I learned the significance of these two remarks during the four succeeding years in the Army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

I am glad to have met you all to-night, and sincerely hope that we may have many such occasions together. (*Applause.*)

THE PRESIDENT:—We have another member, whom I will take the liberty of calling on for a speech—MR. J. B. OAKLEAF of Moline, Ill.

SPEECH OF MR. OAKLEAF.

Mr. Toastmaster and Friends:—I have the honor to be a resident of the State of Illinois, which gave to the Union the best President it has ever seen, or ever will see. I live in that part of Illinois that never had Lincoln within its bounds but once. He came there with a military company during the Black Hawk War. I live in Rock Island County, which has seventy miles of Mississippi River front. Lincoln became a volunteer in the Black Hawk War on the strength

of petitions from Rock Island County, which caused the Governor to call out volunteers to subdue Black Hawk. And to Rock Island County falls the honor of Lincoln's military career. Lincoln came to the mouth of Rock River, after marching from Yellowbanks, a distance of 52 miles in one day. He arrived at the camp of Gen. Atkinson at the mouth of Rock River on the 7th of May. He remained until the 10th. He did not see or meet Black Hawk during the war. When Lincoln crossed from Rock Island County to Henry County, it was the last time that Rock Island County was ever honored with his presence. Thus Rock Island County is connected with the life of Lincoln. Later I shall give to the press a little volume which I have long had in my mind which will bring out the connection of Lincoln with Rock Island County. At Rock Island is located the bridge which was the subject of a dispute which Lincoln tried at Chicago before Justice McLean and won the day. At Rock Island is Fort Armstrong, where Dred Scott lived who was the subject of the celebrated decision. So Rock Island claims some of the glory of Lincoln's career. We had in Rock Island County a large number of abolitionists. The main settlers of Rock Island County were from Vermont and New York, who came there by way of the Lakes. It always stood by the principles of Lincoln. Even in the great landslide of 1892 that made Grover Cleveland President, it gave a much

larger majority than ever before for the party of Abraham Lincoln. Moline was a station on the underground railroad, and as a boy of four, I have sat at breakfast with slaves who had been run through and fed at my father's table. I was born in Rock Island County and lived there all my life. I remember when word was flashed over the wires that Lincoln was dead. My father laid down on his bed, and wept. He could not be comforted for the best friend of the Union had been removed, and could not be replaced. (*Applause.*)

THE PRESIDENT:—We have still another member who met Mr. Lincoln frequently. I refer to our friend who has done so much to make this meeting a success, and take great pleasure in presenting GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON. (*Applause.*)

SPEECH OF GENERAL WILSON.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—General Woodford kindly consented to accept my urgent invitation to take the place of Mr. Seward, who has been prevented from coming here to-night on account of the severe illness of Mrs. Seward. He is presiding at a Lincoln dinner, but he said he would leave the chair at ten o'clock, and you can count on his being here within five minutes of that time. If you will bear with me, I will endeavor to entertain you until the General's arrival.

Many present at this dinner-table may remember that in June, 1865, James Russell Lowell delivered his immortal *Commemoration Ode*, celebrating the young hero graduates of Harvard, who gave their lives in defence of the Republic during the Civil War. In that *Ode*, some three score lines was devoted to Lincoln. The gifted poet described him as

"New birth of our New Soil—the first American."

Again Lowell says:

"Here was a type of the true older race,
"And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face
to face."

In 1858, I first talked face to face with that extraordinary man, the most remarkable in many respects that the world has ever seen. Many men can be compared with Washington and with Grant; but no other illustrious man in the pages of history can be compared with Abraham Lincoln. I saw him in Springfield, Ill., when on a visit to one of my father's friends, a judge of the United States Circuit Court, who asked me if I would like to call on Mr. Lincoln, and I said I would be delighted. It was during the time of the famous Douglas-Lincoln debates. We found him in a shabby little uncarpeted office over a grocer's shop, and I do not know that I was ever more surprised in my life than when I saw the giant of six feet four inches. It seemed to me that he had the longest arms and limbs of any

man I had ever looked upon. His face was rugged and swarthy, with dark rebellious hair, and sad greyish brown eyes, which, however, gleamed with fun at the relation of a good story told by himself or others. His clothes were obviously not the subject of much thought; being ill fitting and illy made. Much of the conversation that took place during that hour's interview still lingers in my memory. In response to a question about his ancestors, he mentioned one, Tom Lincoln, who had come to this country in 1638 and settled not far from Boston, near Hingham, or he said, it might have been Hang-him, which was it, Judge?

Lincoln was going down the Mississippi on a steamer during the days of the almost worthless wild-cat currency. The pilot told the captain that the wood was running low. When the boat was run on shore, the captain said to the owner of a wood pile, "Is that your wood?" Upon being assured that it was, and that it was for sale, he asked the owner if he would take wild-cat currency? "Certainly." "How will you take it?" The answer came promptly, "Cord for cord." The Judge mentioned that I had told him some remarkable stories which I had recently heard related at Arlington, Va., by Mr. Curtis, the adopted son of Washington who was perhaps in his prime the strongest man living and in early life he was a famous wrestler. It seems that Washington had never been thrown, although he had tried conclusions with several professional

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wrestlers. Lincoln said, "My young friend, that is just about my record. I could outlift any man in Southern Illinois, but there was one man, strong as a Russian bear, who was rather too much for me in wrestling. I could not put this big fellow on his back, but I took good care that he did not get me on the ground. Do you know that if George was loafing around here now, I should not mind having a tussle with him. I think one of the plain men of Illinois would hold his end against the aristocrat of old Virginia."

Lincoln was fond of being known as one of the plain people. I frequently heard him use the expression. On one occasion you may remember he said that "The Lord must love the plain people, as he has made so many of them."

Another story that lingers in my memory is as follows: Lincoln said he had, during the previous week, attended a meeting at the lunatic asylum near Springfield, of which he was a trustee. As he walked through the long hall, it was so chilly that he wore his hat. A little lunatic sprang out of a side passage and confronting him said: "I am amazed, sir, at your presuming to wear your hat in the presence of Christopher Columbus." Lincoln removed his hat, and said: "I beg pardon, Christopher Columbus," passing on to the meeting. Returning through the hall an hour later, he was rather startled by the same little lunatic again darting out of the passage and saying, "How dare you, sir, presume to wear

your hat in the presence of General Washington?" "I beg your pardon, General," Lincoln said, "but not long ago, you told me you were Christopher Columbus." "That is quite correct, sir," replied the little lunatic, "*but that was by another mother.*"

Three days later, I was invited to dine with Stephen A. Douglas in Chicago, another guest being Governor Aiken of South Carolina. There was much conversation about Mr. Lincoln. Judge Douglas told the story of Lincoln-Shields duel. It differed from the accepted account, with which many of you are familiar. I will give you the story as the Judge related it. Certain articles had appeared in the Springfield paper, reflecting on Mr. Shields, at that time a schoolmaster in Springfield. According to Douglas, Lincoln, Shields and himself were rivals for the hand of the lovely Mary Todd. After the campaign had been continued for several months, it was announced that Abe Lincoln was the accepted suitor, but Shields persisted in paying attentions to the young lady, much to the annoyance of Mr. Lincoln. Finally a paragraph appeared in the Springfield paper stating that among the things a certain old lady advised her grand-daughter to avoid was allowing her hand being held by Irish schoolmasters for an unnecessary length of time. The allusion was instantly recognized. Shields threatened the editor of the paper with dire penalties, unless he told him the name of the writer

of the article. The editor said he did not write it, but he believed the author of the article would have no objection to his name being given, although he would not divulge it without his consent. "If you will come back in fifteen minutes, I will give you your answer." The editor dashed over to Lincoln's office and told him what had occurred, saying, "Abe, what shall I do?" Lincoln said, "Tell him I wrote it." Promptly came the challenge to a duel, which was accepted. Lincoln chose cavalry swords for weapons, and they went to Bloody Island to fight the duel. The day was rather chilly, and Lincoln thought he would warm up a little, and so while the seconds were arranging the preliminaries, Lincoln began mowing down the huckleberry bushes. When Shields saw the giant figure of Lincoln swinging his long sword like a scythe, he leaned against a huge elm, and fainted.

In St. Louis, I was entertained at dinner during the Civil War. Our host told us that he had been sent up by the law firm, of which he was the junior partner, to transact some business in Springfield, but so great was the excitement on the day of the Lincoln-Shields duel, that he was obliged to remain over another day.

Several years passed. I received tidings that my brother had been mortally wounded at Fredericksburg, and I obtained leave of absence from General Grant to go to Washington to see him. Later I called at the White House. Mr. Lincoln

inquired what had brought me to Washington. When I told him, he said, "Come back at four o'clock, and we will walk out and see the young Captain." When I called, I found a Congressman there from Buffalo. He was talking with great earnestness to Mr. Lincoln, and he looked in my direction as though he desired me to leave the room, but Lincoln caught his eye and said my presence there was all right as I had an appointment. The Congressman at length completed his energetic appeal for some office for a constituent, when the President looking at him critically said, "John, how close do you shave?" We all burst out with laughter. When the member of Congress departed, I said, "Mr. President, is that the way you manage politicians?" Mr. Lincoln replied: "Well, Colonel, you must not think that you have all the strategy in the Army." When he met my brother at the Georgetown hospital for officers, he saw, or thought he saw, a strong likeness to his son Willie, who died a few months before. The President went to the hospital almost daily during the twelve days that my brother survived. I mention this personal interest to illustrate the President's kindness of heart and I may say of him, as Bassanio said of his friend Antonio the Merchant of Venice, that he was

"The kindest man, the best-conditioned,
"And unwearied spirit, in doing courtesies."
A few days later, the President and his great

Secretary of State, accompanied by a young officer attended a review on the Virginia side of the Potomac. An ambulance was provided drawn by four mules. When the ambulance reached the Virginia side of the river, the ruts were so deep, the driver had great difficulty in keeping the wheels out of them. Finally the driver, losing his temper, began to swear, and the worse the road became, the stronger his profanity. At length the President said to the driver, "Are you an Episcopalian?" but the driver was not, saying he generally went to the Methodist church. The President replied, "Oh, excuse me. I thought you must be an Episcopalian for you swear just like Seward, and he is a church warden." (*Great Laughter.*)

I was in Washington again a year later and had the good fortune to hear that marvelous Second Inaugural Address, which Emerson said would outlive anything that had been printed in the English language. I sat directly in front of Mr. Lincoln, and heard every word distinctly. Possibly it may interest you if I endeavor to give you some paragraphs of the address as nearly as I can in Mr. Lincoln's manner.

"Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of War may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid with another drawn by the

sword as was said three thousand years ago, so still must it be said, ‘The ways of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.’

“With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the fight, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work that we are in; to bind up the nation’s wounds; to care for him who hath borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace, among ourselves, and with all nations.” (*Applause.*)

A few weeks later, I was at Ford’s Theatre with the President, Mrs. Lincoln and the same young lady who was with them when the assassin’s bullet ended Mr. Lincoln’s career. The President sat in the rear of the box leaning against the partition, taking little interest in the proceedings. When the curtain fell, turning to him I said, “You are not taking any interest in the play.” “Oh, no,” he replied, “I come here to rest. I am hounded to death by office seekers. Here I can get a few hours’ relief from them.” He closed his eyes and I turned to the ladies. Suddenly I felt his heavy hand on my shoulder, and in place of the worn and wearied man who looked so haggard as if soul and body might part then and there, I saw the President sitting upright, his eyes full of fun, and with the well-remembered sweet smile he said, “Colonel, did I ever tell you the story of Grant at the circus?” “No, Mr. President, I am sorry to say you never did.” “Well, when Grant was about ten years

old, a circus came to Point Pleasant, Ohio, where the family resided, and the small boy asked his father for a quarter to see the circus. The old screw would not give it to him, so Ulysses crawled in under the canvas, as I used to do, for I never saw a quarter when I was a little chap. The ring-master announced that any one who would ride a mule that was brought in, once around the ring without being thrown would be presented with a silver dollar. A number tried for the dollar, but all were thrown over the mule's head. Finally the ring-master ordered the mule taken out of the ring, when in walked Master Grant, saying, 'I will try that mule.' The boy mounted, holding on longer than any of the others till at length the mule succeeded in throwing the boy into his father's tan bark, for," said Lincoln, "the old man was a tanner. Springing to his feet and throwing off his cap and coat, Ulysses shouted with a determined air, 'I would like to try that mule again.' This time he resorted to strategy. He faced the rear, took hold of the beast's tail instead of his head, which rather demoralized the mule, the boy went around the ring and won the dollar. Just so," added the President, "Grant will hold on to Bob Lee." Fourteen days later General Lee surrendered at Appomattox.

Before we parted that night the President said he had had a photograph taken by Brady of New York, of which he would give me a copy. When I presented myself the next day at the White

House he handed me the cabinet photograph. Saying I would like to have it signed, he wrote his name in full on a slip of paper, remarking as he handed it to me, "I cannot write very well on the photograph, so you can paste this signature on it." It is among the latest and best pictures taken of Lincoln. (*Here the General, amid great applause, held up the framed photograph.*)

A fortnight later at the family home on the Hudson, I was wakened by the ringing of all the church bells, and when I inquired why the bells were tolling, my servant said, "Your friend, the President, is dead."

General Grant told me that the 15th of April, 1865, was the saddest day of his life, and I think I may repeat the same words. I was overcome with the thought that Lincoln had been assassinated just as his work was completed, and when he was looking forward to peaceful days. He had promised himself after the Presidency, a visit to the Old World. England particularly he longed to see. His funeral, as you all remember, was celebrated in this, and many other cities, and the committee having in charge the arrangements for his interment at Springfield wisely ordained that the chief feature of the funeral program should be the reading of the Second Inaugural Address, as the friends of Raphael chose the matchless picture of *The Transfiguration* to be the chief feature at his funeral. The friends of Liberty and Justice, for which Lincoln lived and died, from

the four quarters of the globe joined hands over his open grave, and the good angel of Leigh Hunt's beautiful allegory might have written in the *Golden Book of Remembrance* of the Maytyr President, as he did of Abou Ben Adam, "He loved his fellow-men."

What would have been the fate of our country without Washington and Lincoln? It may well be doubted if our Independence could have been obtained without Washington; and it is equally doubtful whether the integrity of the Republic could have been maintained without Lincoln and Grant. Their countrymen will continue to cherish their memory far on in summers that we shall not see, and upon the adamant of their fame, the stream of Time will beat without injury. Their names are enrolled in the Capitol, and will endure during the endless and everlasting ages. (*Applause.*)

THE PRESIDENT:—GEN. STEWART L. WOODFORD has arrived, and I am sure that such a distinguished citizen of New York needs no introduction by a citizen of Philadelphia.

SPEECH OF GENERAL WOODFORD.

Gentlemen:—I want to make an explanation of the situation in which I find myself. General Wilson invited me to dine with you, but at that time I was deeply engaged with my professional work as a lawyer, and I had to decline. Afterwards to fill a gap, I was sent for to take the place of the

President at a dinner given to-night by the Graduates Club. Then came a kind and thoughtful invitation from my dear friend, General Wilson. I told him how I was fixed. I appreciate your remaining so long, and I am going to reward your patience by a very brief speech.

Orations have been pronounced upon Lincoln ever since the sad closing of his life. I cannot deliver an oration. Possibly one or two reminiscences of the few spots or places in which I was permitted to touch his life and services may be of interest to you, so without further preface, and without any attempt at a speech in its formal use, let me begin.

There cannot be many at this table who saw Mr. Lincoln in the flesh. General Wilson did. My client, Mr. McLellan, did. I have been Mr. McLellan's counsel for a great many years, and he has still money enough to attend a LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP dinner. (*Laughter.*)

I was first permitted to see Mr. Lincoln in 1860, when he made his great speech which publicly endorsed his claim to the Presidential office, on the topic, "Freedom National; Slavery Sectional." The great hall, still standing in this city—Cooper Union—was crowded to over-flowing. William Cullen Bryant was the presiding officer of the evening. Lincoln began that marvelous speech in a voice that was a high tenor, that was somewhat strident in its tone. He was awkward in manner, very terse in statement, and

somewhat thick in delivery. The thing which impressed itself upon my boyish mind at the time was that in his first paragraph he got hold of his suspenders and brought them out between his vest and his coat with his thumb, and held them in this fashion (*illustrating*). He proceeded with his speech, tightening his grip on the suspenders; all unconscious of the act, until he had reached the end of that section of his speech, when the “gallus” were stretched to the utmost limit, and the house broke forth in uproarious applause. He continued his speech in the same fashion; but when he had concluded, there was not a man or woman in that great audience whom he had not absolutely convinced by the clear logic of his statements. When we left the hall that night, we all wondered at this strong and remarkable product of the West.

Pardon what may seem somewhat egotistical. I am going to tell you a few personal incidents touching upon Lincoln. We selected delegates to the convention which was to nominate the candidate of the Republican Party to the Presidency. Of course I was for Mr. Seward. Every one in New York had been taught to regard Seward as an idol, the appointed leader of free thought in the country.

It fell to my lot to be elected delegate-alternate from Connecticut. In those days, delegates did not have to live in the districts they represented; now they do. You may possibly remember that

Horace Greeley was a delegate from Oregon to that convention, and so in a number of instances throughout the country; my experience was only that of a great many. A caucus was held and it was decided to cast the vote of Connecticut, in so far as possible, to prevent the nomination of Mr. Seward, because they did not believe he could carry Connecticut; but I was confronted with the duty of acting in that convention and voting against Mr. Seward. I could not do it. That was a good many years ago. I could not do anything against my conscience, and for fifty years I have stuck to my principles. I have voted for a great many defeated candidates, but I have never cast a vote against my conscience or my judgment. Finally, Lincoln was the choice of the convention. I had the enthusiasm of a youngster—I prayed; my heart got the better of my head and my will. But the man from Illinois was nominated and elected; and it was the service of Mr. Seward to assist him. Gentlemen, I have lived long enough to know that the judgment of the many is often safer than the judgment of the few; to know that a definite purpose guided that convention, and I have lived long enough to be reverently grateful that Lincoln and not Seward was President of the Republic during the sad years of the Civil War.
(Applause.)

I was gratified beyond expression as a boy when, picking up a newspaper one morning in the autumn of 1860, I found that the unexpected

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honor had been done me to take the vote to Washington and put it into the hands of the Vice-President. I gave it to Mr. John C. Breckinridge, and I want to pay this tribute to his conscience as he saw it. Mr. Breckinridge was Vice-President of the United States. He received the ballots that came from the different States. He presided over the joint convention and declared the result that made Lincoln President. He remained in office until his term as Vice-President had closed; then left Washington and cast his influence and fortune with the Southern Confederacy, becoming a general in their service; but he had kept his personal honor; he had discharged the duties of his office as Vice-President of the United States; he had declared his great antagonist elected to the Presidency. I want to pay this tribute to the fidelity and true citizenship of John C. Breckinridge, as he understood the situation.

I stood in front of the steps of the Capitol at Washington and heard Mr. Lincoln deliver his first inaugural address. You are probably all familiar with the old story that Senator Douglas of Illinois, who had been Mr. Lincoln's competitor, held Mr. Lincoln's hat during his address, Mr. Lincoln hardly knowing what to do with it.

During that first year, it was my good fortune to be Assistant United States Attorney at New York City, and I had charge of cases connected with the Civil War. I saw Mr. Lincoln often

during the incumbency of that office; but after that period, I never saw Mr. Lincoln again.

I happened to be in Savannah when it had fallen into the hands of the Union Army and it was there that I heard the news of his death. The whole country was plunged in deep sorrow and everyone felt that a personal blow had fallen upon him when Lincoln passed away.

And looking back over all the intervening years, I reverently believe that some Almighty power guided us more wisely than we knew, and it is to the Father Above that we owe Lincoln's nomination and election to the Presidency of the Republic. No name will live longer in the thoughts of loyal Americans than that of Lincoln. They will entwine it with that of Washington as the saviours of the country.

His education was of the simplest and most rudimentary character, and obtained under the most difficult circumstances. His only books were a copy of the first half of Euclid's problems, a dog-eared copy of Aesop's Fables and a copy of the common or King James version of the Bible, a partial copy of four of Shakespeare's plays, and an old volume of the Statute Laws of some forgotten year in Indiana. That was the sum and substance of his schooling. It was all he ever had, until he began to read law. From a condition of the most abject and terrible poverty he struggled onward and upward until through the Providence of God, he became President of the

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United States and stands forever as one of the greatest orators, as one of the wisest statesmen, and as one of the best men in any nation, and in any time.

When he died, the nation wept beside his tomb. So long as the Republic shall live, his name with that of the great Washington will be a heritage to all the people.

Next year you will celebrate the centenary of his birth. Contrast the conditions. The country when he was President was in the midst of Civil War; on every hand there was misery and wretchedness. In the midst of it all, when he had completed his life work and looked forward to spending the balance of his earthly career in retirement and comparative ease, he was stricken down by the bullet of the assassin. He has gone up to be with Washington—a Saint of the American Republic. To-day the country has recovered from the losses of the War and the evil of Reconstruction, until it is at the very summit of influence, power and wealth. May God give us the strength and desire to use our position in the world as Washington and Lincoln would have had us use it! Let us have a broadmindedness, the humanity and self-control, and the love for all men which distinguished Washington and Lincoln. If poverty be your portion in life, use what talent you have to the best interest of your country. Whether rich or poor, let us do our best to obliterate the struggle between the classes, and

let us stand to-day and always for the just and for the right. Let us stand for the Republic of Washington and Lincoln—the last hope of the world. Let us insist on equal rights and equal chances for all men. Let this be our motto.

I thank you for your kind attention and bid you all Good Night. (*Applause.*)

The following original poem was then read by the author, MR. FREDERICK HILL MESERVE.

LINCOLN.

When War and Discord wed, and doubts arise

In Union breasts, and Riot, grim, elate,

Exults to see the havoc of the State,

Then he surveys the field with steady eyes.

When victory is won, elusive dream

With blood of heroes bought, and slips away,

The hope of baffled armies brought to bay,

His simple faith in Right is still supreme.

Another Father, bearing in his heart

The burdens of a people, and its foes

Forgiving freely, ready to forget

The lurid drama in the better part

Of peace with honor. Then, alas, he goes.

And friends and foes alike are weeping yet.

The following letters from absent members were then read.

LETTER FROM JUDGE PHILLIPS.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., Feb. 8, 1908.

My dear Sir:—I have delayed my answer to your invitation to the LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP ban-

quet at Delmonico's on the 12th inst. longer than I ought, in the hope that my official duties might take on some phase or shape that would admit of my attendance. With deep regret I now find myself obliged to say that I cannot be present.

Lincoln seems to be the most interesting personality that has appeared in this world in several centuries. There may have been many men intellectually as great as he, but no one has struck the popular chord that he did. His name has gone wherever men are found who employ a written form of speech. A lady who has spent much of her life in Russia told me that the most ignorant Russian peasant that could be found knew of Lincoln and would bow his head and utter a blessing in his memory whenever he heard his name pronounced. In America appreciation of, and gratitude for, his great patriotic and unselfish service augments as years go by. Twenty years ago one might have believed the apex of Lincoln's fame had been reached, but it grows on, and may grow for another century.

No man was ever more hated and contemned than Lincoln while his work was in progress, yet now all men are his partisans. Those—now grown old—who cursed him once are but too glad to say they knew him and shook his hand while he lived. We all know such men, and it would be unkind, not to say cruel, to even remind them of a misjudgment which events have almost made a reproach.

The very fact of this prodigious fame which has come to Lincoln should make us scan very closely and critically any original testimony which now comes forward as to the facts of Lincoln's life and work. Weakness and vanity are exceedingly anxious to connect themselves in some way with such a career as that of Lincoln. They see the historical band-wagon and naturally wish to get aboard, and this desire is producing many myths about Lincoln which history must ultimately brush aside. If Lincoln had kicked a bumpkin out of his office the bumpkin would now almost be bragging of the fact. If I mistake not, it should be one object of the LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP to collect together a body of Lincolniana which shall be reliable and can be tested by the touchstone of historic truth. The men who met Lincoln face to face, and who at the time were of an age to have some judgment of the man, are now growing very scarce. They will soon all be gone; but while this class of men are few, the chatteringers and myth-makers are many.

All new facts of an anecdotal character, which now come forward and which cannot be tested by documentary or other legitimate historical evidence should have applied to them the strictest historical criticism. Out of the mass of matter that is being collected so rapidly, and which bids fair to assume perfectly prodigious proportions in the near future, the final historian of Lincoln will, with very great labor, extract the true his-

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tory of this most wonderful of men. Men in his own day and time saw him from different angles—one saw him from one point of view, and another from another. It will take them all to make up the real Lincoln of history, and the final historian must be discriminating enough to reject utterly a great deal that has already been printed and said about Lincoln.

In this connection let me say that Mr. Horace White, formerly of this State, now of New York City, read before the Illinois State Historical Society last week a paper upon "Lincoln in 1854," which was in many respects the clearest and most instructive paper that I have ever heard or read concerning that particular period. It has also an intimate bearing on other periods of Lincoln's life and work—all of which renders it a paper of first historical importance. When so many unreliable people are coming forward with testimony concerning Lincoln, and are telling their apocryphal anecdotes about him, it is refreshing to meet a man who met him face to face, whose memory has in no degree failed, and who knows what he knows, and is too conscientious to tell what he does not know. You will do well, in my judgment, to have Mr. White heard at some meeting of the club in the near future.

I hope your meeting may prove, as it hardly can fail to prove, most agreeable and profitable,

and with my hearty compliments and congratulations to the club, I remain,

Very truly yours,

ISAAC N. PHILLIPS.

FRANCIS D. TANDY, *Secretary.*

LETTER FROM JUDGE FISH.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Feb. 10, 1908.

My dear Sir:—I find it impracticable to go to New York for the FELLOWSHIP Dinner at Delmonico's. There are many reasons for desiring to be there. I should meet again most of the genial band of Lincolnites whom I have seen face to face, and clasp hands with many others whose acquaintance thus far rests in correspondence only. I should hope to see in the flesh my friend McLellan, whose telephone voice I know, and whose house I once visited in his absence, only to find his treasures of Lincolniana so carefully guarded that I was unable to make off with any of them. True, Stewart will be there, a man to be feared; for he wants some of my choicest items, and will wheedle me out of them if I give him half a chance. But Maj. Lambert, the Prince of our collecting tribe, will be in the chair, whose gracious presence might restrain, for the moment, all unseemly greed. And I should see you, my dear Tandy, who know better than all others how happy I would be to break bread with that noble company.

Moreover I have always wanted to dine at Delmonico's. You know—for you have lived in the West—how every Western man yearns for that distinction. Even Abraham Lincoln never dined at Delmonico's; he used to "put up" at the Astor House. A dinner at Delmonico's would round out my career—finish it, perhaps, but finish it gloriously. The modern splendors of the Waldorf-Astoria hold no such attraction for me—I would rather stop with Simeon Ford, up by the "Grand Central Depew." I have never had the courage to go to Delmonico's unattended, nor to ask any one to go with me, but in company with the LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP I could venture fearlessly. And now, Alas! owing to la grippe and the anti-pass law, very likely my only chance has passed.

Kindly give my warmest regards to all who attend, together with this suggestion. Would it not be well to name a committee whose duty it shall be to call attention to the errors of those who write loosely about our hero. In Bartlett's article, for example, on "The Physiogamy of Lincoln," so sumptuously reprinted by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., a certain photograph is said to have been taken "on the 2nd of November, the Sunday before the delivery of the Gettysburg address." Not a very harmful misstatement, to be sure, but obviously wrong. On page 35 of the reprint, however, is this: "a weird and mysterious being, who came into the world against convention." If any

doubt remains touching Lincoln's legitimacy, can we not do something to end it?

Most sincerely yours,

DANIEL FISH.

FRANCIS D. TANDY, *Secretary.*

LETTER FROM DR. BURRAGE.

TOGUS, ME., Feb. 6, 1908.

My dear Sir:—It would give me very great pleasure to attend the annual meeting and dinner of the LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP, February 12, and especially to listen to the address by Gen. James Grant Wilson; but Togus is far away, and I can be with you only in spirit. A year hence, at the centennial of Abraham Lincoln's birth, I hope I may be with you in person and share with you in immortal memories.

The first time I saw Mr. Lincoln was in my junior year at Brown University. The famous Cooper Institute address was delivered February 27, 1860. The next night Mr. Lincoln was in Providence, R. I., on his way to Exeter, N. H., to visit his son Robert, who was in the academy at that place preparing to enter Harvard. It had been arranged that Mr. Lincoln should make a few speeches in New England during this trip, and so come in closer touch with the Republican party in New England. The first of these speeches Mr. Lincoln made in Providence Railroad Hall. The largest hall in the city was secured for the occasion, and it was crowded.

A State election in Rhode Island was about to take place, and in opening his speech Mr. Lincoln held in his hand a copy of a Providence Democratic paper containing an editorial aimed at him, and reading him a lecture for coming into Rhode Island to interfere in a State election. Mr. Lincoln read extracts from this editorial, and by his witty comments upon it soon had his audience interested in anything he might say. He then entered upon his address, which was for the most part a repetition of his Cooper Institute address.

Some years ago President Angell of the University of Michigan was in Portland visiting Judge Putnam (of the United States District Court) with whom he had been associated on the Fisheries Commission, and as President Angell was a professor at Brown in my student days I was invited to meet him. At the time of Mr. Lincoln's visit as referred to above, President Angell was editor of the Providence *Journal*, as well as a professor in Brown University. During the evening I spent with him at Judge Putnam's, reference was made to Mr. Lincoln's visit and speech at Providence, and during the conversation President Angell told the following story: He said Rhode Island was in favor of the nomination of Mr. Seward for the Presidency. After Mr. Lincoln's nomination, wishing through the Providence *Journal* to create as pleasing an impression of Mr. Lincoln as was possible, he wrote to John Hay, who having graduated at Brown in the class

of 1858 was then studying law in Mr. Lincoln's office at Springfield, Ill., and asked him to write for the Providence *Journal* four papers on Lincoln. John Hay wrote the articles, but when they reached the office of the *Journal* Prof. Angell found that they made prominent just those things in Mr. Lincoln's life that he wished to overlook—his lowly origin, his lack of good early advantages, his experiences as a circuit-riding lawyer, his homely stories, etc. The result was that in his desire to present only those aspects of Mr. Lincoln's life that would exalt him in the eyes of the readers of the *Journal* he was obliged to use the blue pencil very freely. "What would I not now give to have those four papers just as John Hay wrote them!" said President Angell.

Wishing you and the associates in the FELLOWSHIP a most enjoyable evening,

I remain yours very truly,

HENRY S. BURRAGE.

FRANCIS D. TANDY, *Secretary.*

LETTER FROM MR. BARTLETT.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS., Jan. 28, 1908.

Dear Mr. Tandy:—Your kind letter enclosing Lincoln blotter is gladly read. I heartily join in every scrap of interest that can be conceived of as likely to make the FELLOWSHIP a truly warm body, yet it won't discourage me one whit if there are not more than six healthy souls around its

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nourishing board. Your hope is good and it ought to be fully gratified, but I think the FELLOWSHIP will grow gradually, and be made up of those who are seriously interested in all that concerns Lincoln, almost one might say, a select crowd—students, thinkers, lovers, etc., etc. So don't be disheartened if you do not have a large number. I imagine that the usual birthday dinner will affect the FELLOWSHIP more or less. I may be all out, but I think the FELLOWSHIP is going to do a great deal of good in ways not included in the various means now active. It will take some time to find out just who are the genuine students of Lincoln's life, and get them into a company.

The bust of Lincoln by Borgham is far beyond any other I have seen—more of the sense of sculpture. Good luck!

Very truly,

T. H. BARTLETT.

FRANCIS D. TANDY, *Secretary.*

LETTER FROM MR. JONES.

CHICAGO, Feb. 7, 1908.

Dear Sir:—Distance forbids my being present at the dinner of the LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP, much as I rejoice in the occasion. There is no other name in America to-day so effective and so worthy of being used when we would conjure the noble, the open, and the tender in human nature.

Emerson said he "loved every man who loved Plato." By the same token I love every man that loves Lincoln. My greetings to the brotherhood.

Very respectfully yours,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

FRANCIS D. TANDY, *Secretary.*

LETTER FROM MR. LINCOLN.

CHICAGO, ILL., Feb. 28, 1908.

Dear Sir:—I have your letter of February 28 advising me that the Executive Committee of THE LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP have elected me an honorary member. I assure you I very greatly appreciate the numerous evidences of the regard in which my father's memory is held, such as the organization of your association, and I appreciate very highly the action of your Committee.

Very truly yours,

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

FRANCIS D. TANDY, *Secretary.*

LETTER FROM MR. CLEVELAND.

PRINCETON, N. J., March 3, 1908.

My dear Sir:—I desire to express my deep appreciation of the action of the Executive Committee of THE LINCOLN FELLOWSHIP, in bestowing upon me an honorary membership in the organization. I am in full sympathy with every effort intended to perpetuate the virtues and achievements of the great American who, in the highest

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place within the gift of the people, never neglected their interests or flagged in his devotion to a united country.

Yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

FRANCIS D. TANDY, *Secretary*.

The Secretary read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were approved as read.

The Treasurer read the following report of the finances of THE FELLOWSHIP:

<i>Received from dues.....</i>	<i>\$84.00</i>
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Expenditures.

Room for meeting—June 27th, 1907.	\$ 5.00
Postage to date.....	10.00
Miscellaneous printing and station-	
ery	28.67
Miscellaneous expenditures.....	2.00 46.47
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<i>Balance on hand.....</i>	<i>\$37.53</i>

The bills were approved and ordered paid.
The report was accepted and placed on file.

The following officers were then elected:

President, MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT, of Philadelphia; *Vice-Presidents*, GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON, of New York; JUDGE DANIEL FISH, of Minneapolis; CHARLES W. McLELLAN, of Champaign, N. Y.; JOSEPH B. OAKLEAF, of Moline, Ill.; ALONZO ROTHSCHILD, of East Foxboro, Mass.; COLONEL ALEXANDER K. MCCLURE, of Philadelphia; and MISS IDA M. TARBELL, of New York;

Secretary, Francis D. TANDY, of New York; Treasurer, JUDD STEWART, of New York.

A proposition was made by Mr. Tandy for THE FELLOWSHIP to offer a series of prizes for the best essays on "Abraham Lincoln as a Writer," to be open to any resident of the United States under twenty-one years of age. On motion of Mr. Oakleaf, seconded by Mr. Stewart, the President was instructed to appoint a committee of five members to consider this matter, with full power to act. The President appointed the following:

Joseph B. Oakleaf, *Chairman*; Francis D. Tandy, Chas. W. McLellan, Daniel H. Newhall, Harry Douglas Robins.

On motion of General Wilson, seconded by Mr. Oakleaf, the President was instructed to appoint a committee of five members with full power to act, to make arrangements for our next Annual Dinner and Meeting. The President appointed the following:

General James Grant Wilson, *Chairman*; Frederick H. Meserve, Frederick Trevor Hill, Telamon Cuyler, Francis D. Tandy.

The meeting then adjourned.

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OFFICERS AND MEMBERS 1908.

President,
Major William H. Lambert.

Vice-Presidents,
Gen. James Grant Wilson,
Judge Daniel Fish,
Charles W. McLellan,
Joseph B. Oakleaf,
Alonzo Rothschild,
Col. Alexander K. McClure,
Miss Ida Tarbell.

Secretary,
Francis D. Tandy.

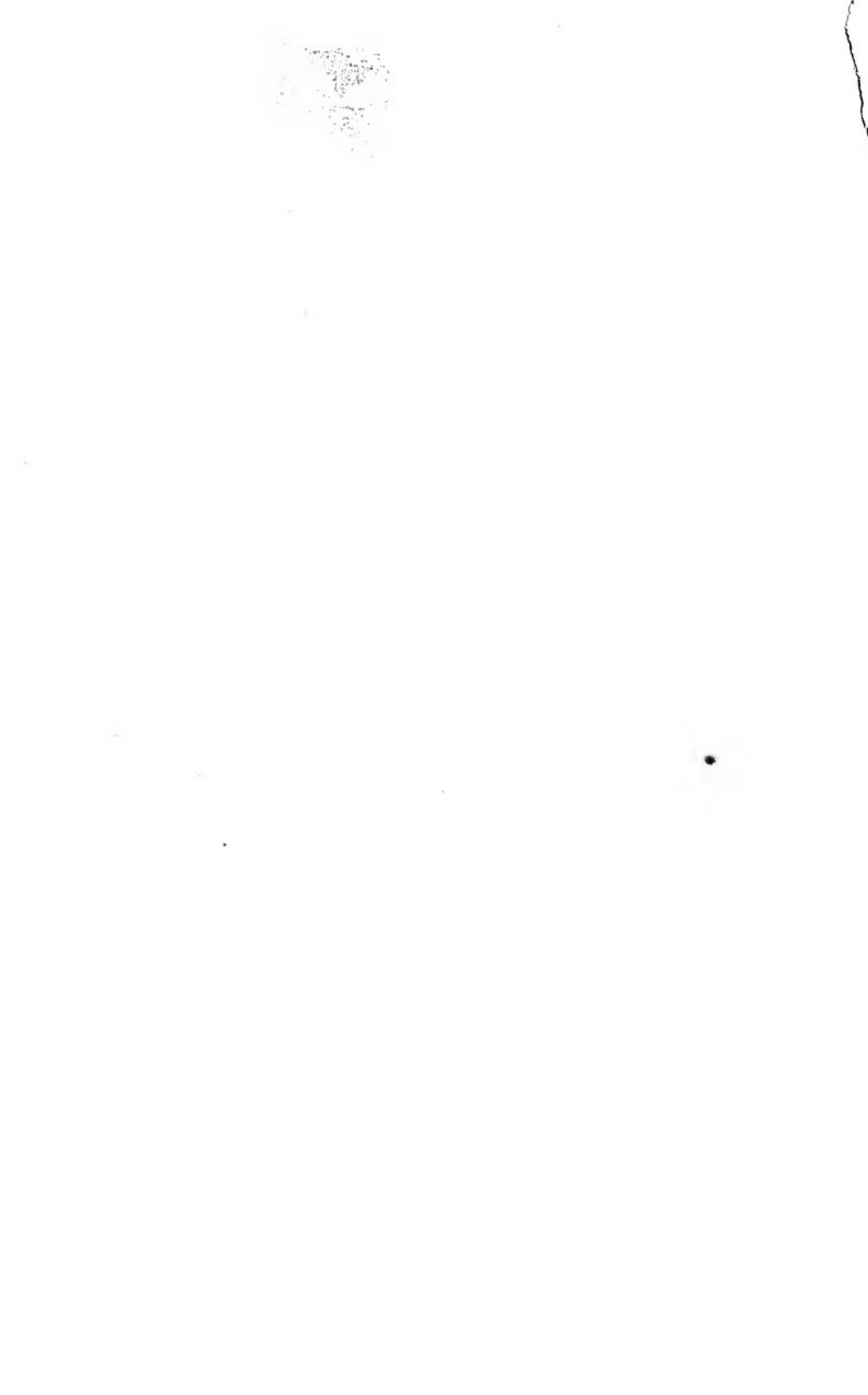
Treasurer,
Judd Stewart.

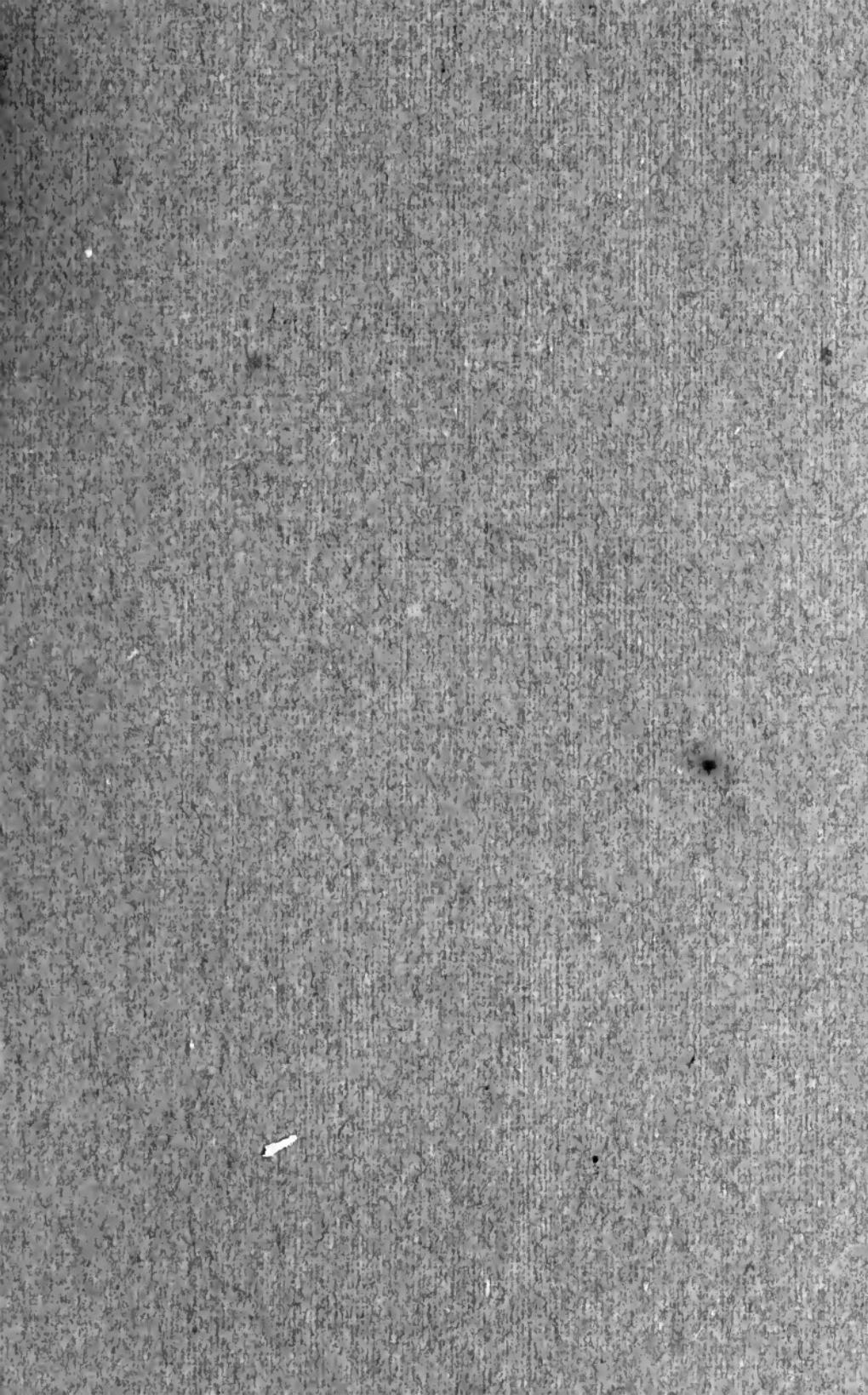
Members,
Hon. Danforth Ainsworth,
H. E. Barker,
Truman H. Bartlett,
David Homer Bates,
Hon. Oswald A. Bauer,
E. M. Bowman,
A. M. Bullock,
Rev. Henry S. Burrage,
Maj. Charles Burrows,
Rev. S. Parkes Cadman,
Arthur Astor Carey,

Charles Caverno,
Hon. Grover Cleveland,
Mrs. Maurice W. Cooley,
Judge Leroy B. Crane,
Telamon Cuyler,
Fred DeFau,
E. J. DesMoineaux,
George Dunlop,
Cleveland A. Dunn,
Mrs. G. L. S. Dyche,
Albert S. Edwards,
George B. Fairhead,
Orrin S. Goan,
Rev. A. C. Grier,
Gen. James H. Harris,
William P. Hickok,
Frederick Trevor Hill,
Gen. Oliver Otis Howard,
Stuart W. Jackson,
Darwin R. James, Jr.
Edward S. Johnson,
Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones,
Perry D. Knapp,
George A. Lancaster,
Prof. Duncan Campbell Lee,
Rev. George T. Lemmon,
Hon. Robert T. Lincoln,
John S. Little,
C. H. Lyman,
Hugh McLellan,
Malcolm Nye McLellan,

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Col. James F. McNeill,
Isaac Markens,
Watts L. Mason,
J. B. Merwin,
Frederick Hill Meserve,
John T. Morse, Jr.,
Daniel H. Newhall,
O. H. Oldroyd,
Alfred Orendorff,
Hon. Isaac N. Phillips,
Rev. W. S. Richardson,
George Thomas Ritchie,
G. W. H. Ritchie,
Andrew Russel,
W. E. Sandford,
Francis H. Sawyer,
A. Lincoln Seligman,
Miss Maisie Shainwald,
Mrs. Ralph L. Shainwald,
Ralph L. Shainwald,
Joseph W. Smitley,
William L. Stooksbury,
David D. Thompson,
Newell D. Tibbals,
Charles A. Tinker,
Gilbert A. Tracy,
Norman Veitch,
Jesse William Weik,
Edgar T. Welles,
Horace White,
Frederick G. Wilson.



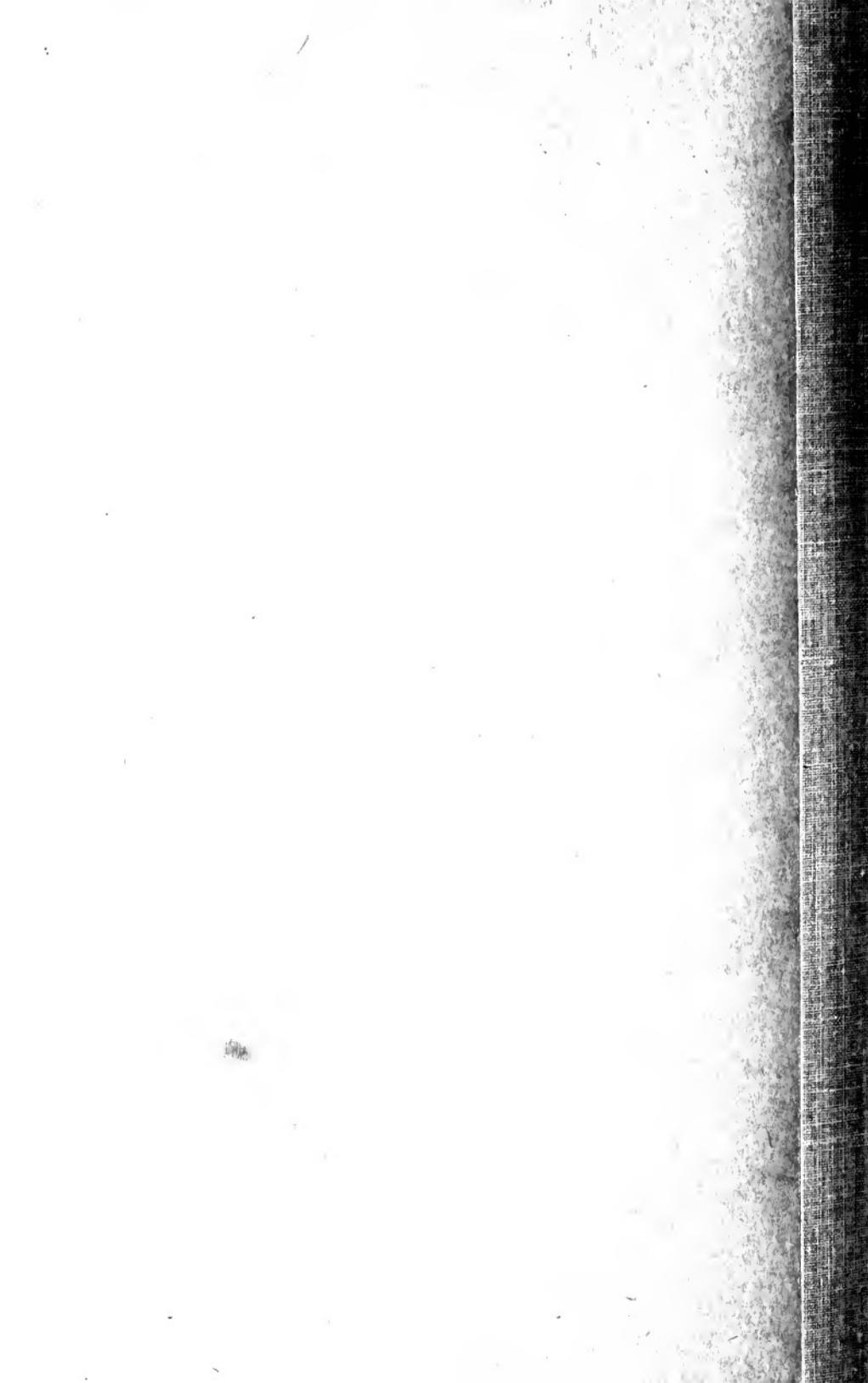


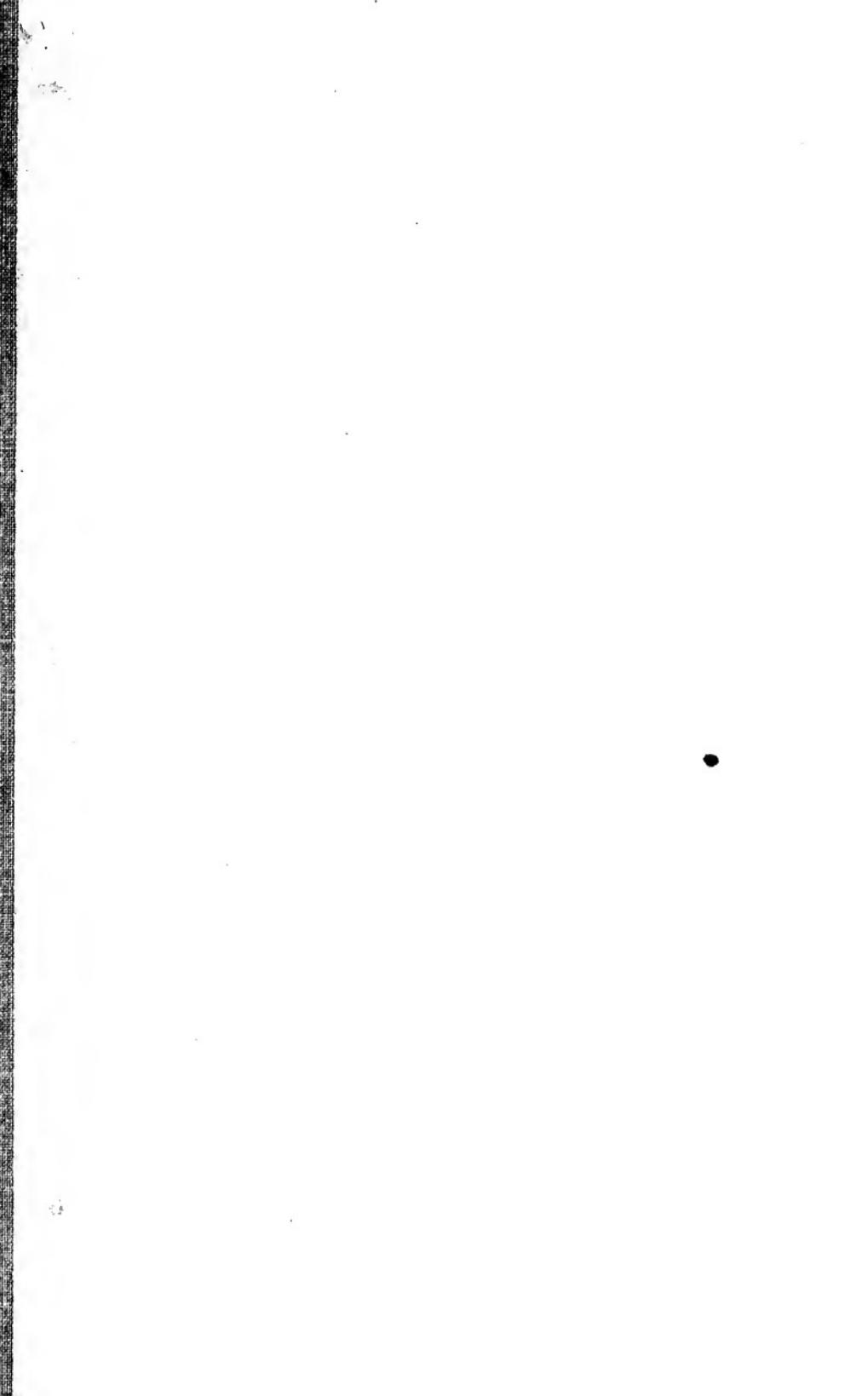












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PROCEEDINGS AT THE ANNUAL MEETING.
1 1908



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